I may not suffer you to visit him,
The king hath straightlie charged the contrarie.
Qu. The king? whie, whose that?
Lieu. I crie you mercie, I meane the Lord protector.
Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kinglie title:
Hath he set bounds betwixt their loue and me:
I am their mother, who should keepe me from them?
I am their father, Mother, and will see them.
Duch. Glo. Their aunt I am in law, in loue their mother:
Then feare not thou, Ile beare thy blame,
And take thy office from thee on my perill.
Lieu. I doo beseech your graces all to pardon me:
I am bound by oath, I may not do it. *Enter L. Stanlie.*
Stan. Let me but meete you Ladies an houre hence,
And Ile salute your grace of Yorke, as Mother:
And reuerent looker on, of two faire Queenes.
Come Madam, you must go with me to Westminster,
There to be crowned Richards royall Queene.
Qu. O cut my lace in sunder, that my pent heart
May haue some scope to beate, or else sound,
With this dead killing newes.
Dor. Madame, haue comfort, how fares your grace?
Qu. O Dorset, speake not to me, get thee hence,
Death and destruction dogge thee at the hoeles,
Thy mothers name is ominous to children,
If thou wilt outstrip death, go crosse the seas,
And liue with Richmond, from the reach of hell,
Go hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter house,
Least thou increase the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of Margarets curse,
Nor mother, Wife, nor Englands counted Queene.
Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsell Madam,
Take all the swift aduantage of the time,
You shall haue letters from me to my sonne,
To meete you on the way, and welcome you,
Be not tane tardie, by vnwise delay.
Duch. Yor. O ill dispersing winde of miserie,
O my accursed wombe, the bed of death,

A Cocat-

A Cocatrice hast thou hatcht to
Whose vnauoided eie is murth
Stan. Come Madam, I in all
Duch. And I in all vnwilling
I would to God that the inclusiu
Of golden mettall that must rou
Were red hotte steele to seare
Annointed let me be with dea
And die, ere men can say, God
Qu. Alas poore soule, I enui
To feede my humer, wish thy
Duch. Glo. No, when he that
Came to me as I followed Hen
When scarce the bloud was wel
Which issued from my other an
And that dead saint, which ther
O, when I say, I lookt on Richa
This was my wish, be thou quo
For making me so young, so ol
And when thou wedst, let sorro
And be thy wife, if any be so m
As miserable by the death of th
As thou hast made me by my
Loe, euen I can repeate this cur
Euen in so short a space, my wo
Grosselie grew captiue to his h
And prou'd the subiectes of m
Which euer since hath kept my
For neuer yet, one houre in his
Haue I enioyed the golden de
But haue bene waked by his ti
Besides, he hates me for my fa
And will shortly be rid of me.
Qu. Alas poore soule, I pitti
Duch. Glo. No more then from
Qu. Farewell, thou woefull
Duch. Glo. Adue poore soule
Du. Yor. Go thou to Richmon